The Dead Castle

I walked through the beautiful grounds of Oakwood High School, surrounded by lush green trees that seemed to touch the sky. The air was filled with the sweet songs of birds and the gentle rustle of leaves. But amidst this peaceful scene, one building stood out - a stunning white castle that seemed to hold secrets.

The castle's walls were strong and worn, its surface smooth from years of weathering. But what caught my eye was the amazing sight of a red tree that seemed to have grown right out of the castle. Its branches twisted and turned, bursting through the walls and reaching for the sky. The tree's bright red color was a striking contrast to the castle's weathered stone.

The castle's interior was dark and mysterious, with no windows to let in the light. The walls inside were a deep, dark black, like a cave. It was as if the castle was a shell, protecting something inside.

Everyone knew that the castle was off-limits, but that only added to its allure. The red tree, with its twisted branches and vibrant color, seemed to be a natural part of the castle, as if it had grown to surround and protect it.

The castle was incredibly old, a relic from a bygone era. But why was it built on the school's grounds? Legend has it that the castle was built centuries ago for four young boys of nobility. Over time, the castle fell into disrepair, and the school was built around it, incorporating the ancient structure into its grounds.

But what secrets lay hidden within its stone walls? And why did the castle seem to hold such a powerful allure? I was determined to uncover the truth behind this mysterious castle.

I, Lady Victoria Worthington, strolled through the picturesque grounds of Oakwood High School, a prestigious institution catering to the children of the wealthy elite. The school's grounds were immaculately manicured, with lush green trees and

vibrant flowers adding to the serene atmosphere. As a member of the wealthy Worthington family, I was accustomed to the finer things in life, and Oakwood High was no exception.

The students at Oakwood High were from families of considerable means, and it showed in their demeanor and attire. Everyone wore the school's signature blue uniform, which was both stylish and expensive-looking. My two closest friends, Alexander "Alex" Huntley and Julian "Jules" Pembroke, were no exception. They were both from wealthy families and were as charming as they were rich.

Alex, with his chiseled features and charming smile, was the epitome of tall, dark, and handsome. His messy, sandy-blond hair always seemed to be perfectly imperfect, and his bright blue eyes sparkled with mischief. He was the kind of guy who could effortlessly charm his way out of trouble, and his popularity at school was no surprise.

Jules, on the other hand, was the sweet and gentle type. His soft, smooth features and kind demeanor made him a favorite among the girls. His dark hair, and his bright blue eyes seemed to hold a perpetual smile. He was the kind of guy who made you feel at ease, and his friendship with Alex was a testament to their strong bond.

Despite their differences, Alex and Jules were inseparable. They had grown up together, and their friendship was as strong as any sibling bond. As a result, I never felt like I had a brotherly or sisterly connection with them, even though we were close friends. The school's social dynamics seemed to reinforce the divide between boys and girls, making it difficult for us to bridge the gap.

But Alex and Jules were different. They had a unique connection that went beyond mere friendship. They were like two peas in a pod, always laughing and joking together. And despite their charm and good looks, they never seemed to flirt with each other. It was as if they were too comfortable in each other's presence to worry about romance.

I was strolling through the grounds of Oakwood High School when I stumbled upon an old castle that seemed to hold secrets. The castle's weathered stone walls and

towers seemed to whisper stories of the past. But what caught my attention was an old black-and-white footage projector that I had never seen before. It was placed on a patch of grass where horses would normally graze, and it was showing a strange loop of footage.

The footage showed children running and laughing, their faces filled with joy. But what was eerie was that they seemed to be living in the very same castle that stood before me. The footage was so realistic that I felt like I was watching them in real-time. It was as if the children were still there, frozen in time.

The whole school seemed to be in on the secret, roaming around the castle and taking selfies with the ancient footage playing in the background. It was like they were interacting with ghosts from thousands of years ago. I was baffled - why didn't I know about this? Was I the only one who was oblivious to the castle's mysterious past?

As I watched the footage, I realized that these children must have lived in the castle a long time ago. But what happened to them? Why did they disappear? The footage seemed to hint at a dark secret, one that had been hidden for years.

It seemed that everyone at school knew about the castle's mysterious past, except for me. I had always been a bit of a loner, without many friends to share secrets with. The boys at school didn't seem interested in conspiracy theories, but I was different. I was curious, and the loop footage had piqued my interest.

Who were these children, and what happened to them? I was determined to uncover the truth behind the mysterious castle and the haunting footage. Little did I know that this was just the beginning of a journey that would change everything.

I approached Alex and Jules, standing in front of the mysterious castle. Alex began to tell me about the castle's dark history. The whole family, including four kids, had died suddenly and inexplicably.

Jules seemed lost in thought, but he snapped back to reality as Alex led us up the stairs. We stopped in front of a huge window, or rather, an open space with a view. The area was dark and hollow, like a void, and the red tree seemed to have grown from that very spot.

If you stared at the dark space long enough, you could see the kids from the castle running around, playing. But I wasn't interested in joining them. Instead, I headed to class and asked another friend to research the footage online.

We searched for information about the castle and its history. An old article mentioned a family that used to live there, and their children who would play in the castle grounds. The article also mentioned a doll, a girl doll that the family kept for their kids, which had gone missing.

As I read the words, I felt a shiver run down my spine. Suddenly, I heard people screaming and shouting.

I followed the screams, eager to see what was causing the commotion. As I pushed through the crowd, I saw Alex, his face contorted in a mixture of confusion, disturbance, and fear. He was sweating profusely, and his eyes darted wildly around the scene.

"What is he yelling at?" people around me asked, but Alex didn't seem to hear them. He was too focused on whatever was terrifying him. Suddenly, he dodged the crowd and ran away, disappearing from view. I never saw him again.

Meanwhile, Jules remained frozen in place, his gaze fixed intently on the castle. He was sweating, and his body trembled with fear. I could see the terror in his eyes, and I knew I had to act. I approached him and gently moved him, breaking the spell that held him captive.

As Jules snapped back to reality, I asked him what had frightened them so badly. His response sent chills down my spine. When they stared at the kids playing, the four children suddenly looked back at them. But it was what happened next that filled them with horror.

The kids began to decay before their very eyes, their skin rotting and festering like they had some kind of disease. Their eyes turned white, and veins bulged everywhere on their skin, making the sight even more grotesque and disturbing. Jules's voice trembled as he recounted the experience, and I could feel his fear resonating deep within me.

What was going on? Why were the kids decaying like that? And what did it have to do with the mysterious castle? I knew I had to uncover the truth, no matter how terrifying it might be.

As the days passed, I couldn't shake off the feeling that something was off. And then, he started haunting me. His eyes had turned a creepy white, and his skin was deathly pale with visible veins. His face was covered in large, bulging pimples that seemed to pulse with an otherworldly energy.

He looked like a completely different person, as if a demon had taken over his body. I would see him in my dreams, his eyes staring at me with an unblinking gaze. I would hear his voice whispering in my ear, his words sending chills down my spine.

One night, I woke up to find him standing in my room, his white eyes glowing in the dark. I tried to scream, but my voice was frozen in my throat. He started to move closer, his skin crawling with an unnatural movement.

Suddenly, everything went black.

When I woke up again, I was shaken. Was it just a dream, or was something more sinister going on? I couldn't shake off the feeling that he was still watching me, waiting for his next move.

One day, I was helping him walk when suddenly he collapsed to the ground. I tried to lift him, but his weight felt different, heavier than before. I was alone with him, surrounded by trees, with no one in sight.

Panic set in as I realized I had to get him help fast. I started running towards the nearby houses, desperate to find someone to assist me. But every door I reached was locked, and no one answered my frantic knocks.

I shouted through the windows, hoping someone would hear me, but they just looked at me with a mixture of confusion and disinterest. It was as if they didn't take my cries for help seriously.

I was getting more and more desperate. What was happening to him? Why was no one helping me? The trees seemed to close in around me, and I felt a sense of isolation wash over

When I returned to help him, I was met with a terrifying sight. His eyes and skin had turned a ghostly white, and his body convulsed on the floor. I knew then that the demons had taken hold, and the locked doors were their doing.

I sprinted away, desperate to escape the supernatural forces closing in. But the trees seemed to come alive, their branches twisting and snapping like whips, trying to trip me. I dodged and weaved, my heart pounding in my chest.

I burst into my dorm, seeking refuge from the chaos outside. My roommate, Tanya, was engrossed in her sports routine, oblivious to my distress. I tried to confide in her, hoping for some comfort, but she was a mean girl, and we never really talked.

I retreated to my bed, wrapping myself in my maroon sheets, feeling isolated and scared. Tanya barely acknowledged me, her expression a mixture of disinterest and annoyance. She gathered her things and left the room, leaving me alone with my fears.

The silence was oppressive, and I couldn't shake the feeling that I was being watched. Suddenly, the door creaked, and a low growl echoed through the room. I knew then that I was not alone...

I cuddled deeper into my sheets, trying to escape the terror that had taken over my room. Jules's angry voice echoed through the door, his furious knocking and shaking making me tremble with fear. I prayed that whatever was on the other side of the door wouldn't find its way in.

But my prayers went unanswered. A voice, low and raspy, whispered my name in my ear. It was a woman's voice, but not one I recognized. The whispering grew louder, more insistent, until I felt a presence looming over me.

The air was thick with the stench of rot and decay, and I could sense claws scratching against the sheets. I peeked through the fabric, and my heart skipped a beat. A gaunt figure, with sparse hair and sunken eyes, cast a shadow on the wall.

Panic set in, and I began to pray, reciting the Lord's Prayer in a desperate bid for salvation. The whispering grew louder, the presence more menacing, but I kept praying, my voice shaking with fear.

And then, suddenly, silence fell. The whispering stopped, the knocking ceased, and the presence vanished. I lay frozen, my heart still racing, wondering if it was truly over.

The memory of Jules's passing still lingered, a painful wound that refused to heal. I couldn't recall the details of his death, only the overwhelming sense of relief that washed over me when it was all over. The demon's grip on him had been too strong, and I knew that his departure meant the darkness had finally receded.

But with Jules gone, a part of me felt lost and empty. We had been more than just friends; we had been two souls bound together by our shared experiences. His absence left a gaping hole in my life, and I couldn't help but wonder if I would ever find someone to fill that void.

The funeral had been a blur, with only one notable absence: Alex. He and Jules had been inseparable, and his failure to attend the service was a mystery. Rumors

swirled that he had transferred to a new school and was now homeschooling, but no one seemed to know anything concrete about his whereabouts.

Curiosity got the better of me, and I decided to pay a visit to Alex's mansion. But when I arrived, I was met with an unsettling silence. His parents, usually warm and welcoming, were distant and evasive, informing me that Alex didn't want to see anyone.

I left the mansion feeling sad and confused, wondering what had driven Alex to isolate himself so completely. As I walked back to my limousine, I couldn't shake the feeling that something was off. The driver, usually friendly and chatty, was nowhere to be found, and the vehicle seemed eerily quiet.

I settled into the backseat, expecting the familiar comfort of the ride home. But as I looked around, I noticed something that made my blood run cold...

My heart sank as I realized the driver wasn't taking me home. The uncertainty was suffocating, and I had no idea where we were headed. That's when I saw it – a dead body crumpled under my seat. The shock hit me like a ton of bricks.

It was the original driver's body, his eyes frozen in a permanent stare. The new driver, a stranger with an unreadable expression, was behind the wheel. I felt a chill run down my spine.

Most girls would have screamed, but not me. I'm not one for dramatics. Instead, I quietly assessed the situation. I tried to open the limo door, but it was locked. I attempted to unlock it, but it wouldn't budge. Even the window refused to roll down.

The new driver's deep voice startled me. "Calm down," he said, his words dripping with an unsettling calmness. "Alex needs your help."

I made eye contact with him through the mirror, and our gazes locked. There were no questions in my mind, only a sense of foreboding. What did Alex need my help with? And what lay ahead?

The driver's eyes seemed to bore into my soul, as if searching for something. I felt a shiver run down my spine. The limousine continued to move, the silence between us thick and oppressive.

Suddenly, the driver spoke again. "We're almost there." His voice was low and mysterious, leaving me wondering what horrors awaited me at our destination.

The driver's words sent a chill down my spine. "Alex needs my help," he said, his voice low and menacing. "The dead body under your seat is for Alex to eat. If he doesn't eat, he won't survive."

I felt a wave of horror wash over me as I stared at the lifeless form crumpled beneath my feet. The driver's body, once familiar and friendly, now seemed grotesque and alien.

I tried to process what was happening, but my mind was a jumble of questions. Why was Alex eating human flesh? And what did he need my help with? The driver's eyes locked onto mine through the mirror, and I saw a glimmer of desperation there.

"Calm down," he said, his voice a gentle contrast to the gruesome scene unfolding before me. "We're almost there."

But where was "there"? And what awaited me when we arrived? The limousine continued to move, the silence between us growing thicker and more oppressive.

I knew I had to act fast, but my options were limited. The doors were locked, and the windows refused to budge. I was trapped, at the mercy of this sinister driver and his mysterious passenger.

As the limousine slowed to a stop, I felt a sense of dread wash over me. What horrors lay ahead? And what role would I play in Alex's twisted world? The driver's eyes met mine once more, and I saw a flicker of anticipation there.

"We're here," he said, his voice barely above a whisper. He unlocked the doors and with his deep voice he said,"Get out."

As I stepped out of the limousine, the driver's words echoed in my mind. "Alex needs your help." I wasn't sure what to believe, but one thing was certain – I was in this situation now.

The abandoned house loomed before me, its windows like empty eyes staring back. The driver dragged the dead body out of the car, and I watched in horror as he stuffed it into a strange contraption.

It looked like something from a factory or a butcher's shop – a metal tube with an opening at the top. The driver fed the body into the tube, and I heard a faint rumbling noise as it disappeared from view.

Suddenly, a figure emerged from the shadows. Alex. He was gaunt and pale, with sunken eyes that seemed to bore into my soul. He devoured the dead body with an unnatural hunger, his movements almost animalistic.

The driver unlocked the door and pushed me inside, his eyes cold and unyielding. The door slammed shut behind me, and I was trapped. Alex's eyes locked onto mine, and I felt a chill run down my spine.

"What do you want from me?" I asked, trying to keep my voice steady. Alex's response was a low, menacing chuckle. "You'll find out soon enough," he said, his voice dripping with malice.

As I looked around the dimly lit room, I realized I was completely at Alex's mercy. The air was thick with an eerie silence, and I knew I had to escape – but how?

As Alex opened the curtain, a study board came into view. It was covered in notes, diagrams, and pictures. He pointed to the board, his eyes gleaming with intensity.

"I've been researching this for a long time," he said. "I need your help to stop this before it's too late."

The demon's influence was growing stronger, feeding on his life force. I saw pictures of a doll, a porcelain-faced beauty with golden locks. The caption read "Victoria," my name.

Alex explained that centuries ago, a royal family had a house maid who was fired for her careless work. But the maid was a witch, and she sought revenge. She created a doll for one of the royal sons, but her plan went far beyond that.

The witch took the life of the youngest royal, a girl named Victoria, and turned her into a doll. The witch was eventually killed, accused of witchcraft, but the doll remained. It was said to be haunted, driven by a desire for revenge against the royal family.

The doll killed the entire family, and then it vanished. But the legend said that if the doll was found, the family's spirit might finally rest. Alex believed that finding the doll could break the curse that had consumed him.

I stared at the board, trying to process the information. A haunted doll, a centuries-old curse, and a family tragedy. It sounded like a dark fairy tale.

"What do I need to do?" I asked, feeling a sense of determination.

Alex's eyes locked onto mine. "You need to find the doll," he said. "And give it back to them"

We rushed to the castle As we explored the creepy castle, the air grew thick with an eerie silence. The white walls seemed to have black veins, like dark rivers flowing through the stone. In some rooms, leaves from the red tree filled the space, creating an otherworldly atmosphere.

I turned to Alex and asked, "What's the significance of this red tree?"

Alex shook his head. "I don't know, but it feels... off."

A sudden thought struck me. "Maybe the tree is the source of the curse. If we cut it down, we might break the spell."

Without hesitation, we grabbed axes and began chopping at the tree trunk. The sound of our labored breathing and the crunch of wood filled the air.

As the tree fell, I shouted, "We did it! We broke the curse!"

But my triumph was short-lived. Alex's eyes widened, and he stumbled forward, blood gushing from his mouth. I gasped, horror-stricken, as I saw the sharp branch protruding from his back.

I dropped the doll and rushed to Alex's side, tears streaming down my face. "No, no, no..."

As Alex's life slipped away, he whispered, "I'm sorry... Victoria..."

His final breath was a faint whisper, and then he was gone. I held his lifeless body, overcome with grief.

Suddenly, an unseen force smashed the doll against the wall, shattering it into a thousand pieces. The sound was like a scream, echoing through the castle.

I stared at the broken doll, feeling a chill run down my spine. The curse was far from broken. In fact, it was just beginning.

I ran back to Alex's place, determined to uncover the truth about the doll. I poured over the research, studying every detail, every note, and every picture. And then, it hit me - the family didn't want the cursed doll because it was still tainted by the witch's spell. That's why they smashed it against the wall, why they hid it inside the tree. They wanted their own Victoria back, the innocent one, not the cursed replica.

But as I dug deeper, a shocking revelation struck me. The doll was me. They wanted me, Victoria, the living, breathing girl, not the cursed doll. My mind reeled as I tried to process this information.

I felt a surge of anger and defiance. How could they do this to me? What right did they have to claim me as their own? I thought about all the pain and suffering they had caused, all the lives they had ruined. And I knew I wouldn't go quietly into the night.

I refused to be taken, refused to be their pawn in some twisted game. I would fight back, I would go to war with them, whether they liked it or not. I would make them pay for what they had done.

As I stood there, determination burning in my heart, I knew I was ready for whatever lay ahead. Bring it on, I thought. I'm not going down without a fight.

I stepped into my house, the eerie silence a stark contrast to the chaos that had been brewing inside me. The workers I had hired to protect against the demons were nowhere to be found, and I couldn't shake the feeling that I was completely alone in this fight.

Why was I risking my life for people who had died thousands of years ago? The question echoed in my mind, and I couldn't find a satisfactory answer. To hell with them, I thought, my anger and frustration boiling over.

I began to set up the defenses, meticulously placing crosses, Bible scriptures, and holy water around the perimeter of the house. I flooded the rooms with light, hoping to ward off the darkness that seemed to be closing in.

As I worked, my confidence grew. I was ready for whatever was coming my way. I grabbed my gun, feeling a sense of determination wash over me.

"Come on, you fucker," I taunted, my voice steady and firm. "I'm waiting for you."

I sat down in a chair, whisky in hand, and waited. The silence was oppressive, but I was ready. I would face whatever horrors were coming my way, head-on.

The whisky burned down my throat, but I welcomed the warmth it brought. I was prepared to do whatever it took to survive this night. Bring it on, I thought, my eyes fixed on the darkness beyond the lights.

As I stepped back into the mansion, a wave of relief washed over me. But it was short-lived. Alex reappeared outside, his ghostly form sending shivers down my spine. The lights flickered and died, plunging me into darkness.

My heart racing, I gripped my gun tightly. The whispers of my name grew louder, more urgent. I shouted, "Go away! Go away!" The words echoed through the empty halls.

Desperate for comfort, I began to pray, the familiar words of the Lord's Prayer a soothing balm to my frazzled nerves. "Our Father, who art in heaven..."

But as I spoke, the whispers grew louder, more insistent. I felt a presence closing in around me. The air seemed to thicken, heavy with malevolent energy.

Suddenly, the lights flickered back to life. Alex was closer now, his eyes fixed on me with an unnerving intensity. I raised my gun, my hand trembling.

"Get back," I warned, trying to keep my voice steady.

But Alex didn't move. He just kept coming, his eyes burning with an otherworldly hunger. I knew I had to act fast.

As I stood there, gun in hand, I felt a chill run down my spine. The whispers grew louder, more urgent, and I knew I had to act fast. I took a deep breath and began to pray, the familiar words of the Lord's Prayer a comforting presence in the darkness.

But just as I started to feel a sense of peace, the whispers stopped. The silence was oppressive, and I felt like I was being watched. I spun around, my eyes scanning the darkness, but there was nothing.

Just then I heard someone come in it was my mom. But something was off. My heart sank as I watched my mom walk towards me, lamp in hand. At first, she seemed normal, but then I noticed the old lady beside her - an uncanny replica of Jules. Fear gripped me as I saw my mom's eyes turn white, her gaze fixed on me with an unnatural intensity.

I sprinted to my room, desperate to escape. I slammed the door shut, but it wouldn't lock. My mom's supernatural strength burst through the barrier, and I felt a chill run down my spine.

In a moment of desperation, I surrendered. The dark presence enveloped me, and I felt my life slipping away. When it was over, I was no longer myself - I had become a lifeless, creepy doll.

As I lay there, lifeless and still, I felt a strange sensation wash over me. My body began to change, contorting into unnatural positions. My skin turned pale and cold, and my eyes became glassy and empty.

The old lady, who looked just like Jules, leaned over me, her eyes gleaming with an otherworldly light. She whispered strange words in my ear, and I felt my soul slipping away.

When she finished, I was no longer myself. I was a creepy doll, trapped in a body that was no longer mine. The old lady cackled with glee, and my mom, still possessed, smiled with an unnatural grin.

I was now a part of their twisted game, a pawn in their dark and sinister world. And as I lay there, frozen in terror, I knew I would never be free again.

The end